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Our Music-teacher.

FROM THE BROWN PAPERS.

(Concluded from last week.)

"When he began a jest was expected; but as he proceeded, his voice became solemn, and its tones touching as if they came from his heart of hearts. When he paused, all bent silently over their work—in the eyes of two or three quivered the tears. He waited a moment, and then, overcoming the feelings which for an instant had mastered him, he laughingly added:—

"Now you are so very anxious that I should marry, and as I know no more eligible young women than you all are,—as I am not in fact particular nor hard to please, I propose to take my 1200 dollars—for that is in truth the extent of the "handsome property" of which Miss Lily speaks—and lay it at the feet of any one of you, save and except Miss Lily, who says she can "hoe her own row"—Miss Lily's eyes flashed—"who consents to form a copartnership with me before the parson—for I dare not call it a marriage in such a case—with the proviso that the money be spent in Europe, trusting to providence when it is exhausted. If you really are so very desirous of having me marry, now is your chance."

"No one spoke. He cast a glance half serious, half comic around the circle, lingering a moment upon each, and finally upon me.

"Well," said he at length, "I think you will hardly have the right hereafter to make me the mark of your wits, my ladies; for thus to refuse and then make fun of me would be a decided case of adding insult to injury. Perhaps I have carried the joke far enough already; but I put the question once more—who bids for an old bachelor?"

"Again no one for the minute spoke.

"Oh, if nobody else, I do," said I in a careless tone.

"He fixed his eyes upon me as if he would read my very thoughts.

"Seriously?"

"Seriously!" said I.

"He started up, seized his hat, and with a hasty 'good afternoon' left us. How the girls did talk about him and to me! I treated the matter as a jest and laughed as loudly as any of them; but I must confess that when my mind's eye saw that look of his—and that was almost constantly—it caused a fluttering in my bosom more powerful than agreeable. The next morning the stage coach carried Mr. Johnson and his easel back to the city.

"Time passed on. I saw nothing of him, I received not a line from his hand, and began to really conceive of the affair as a mere joke. The story went the rounds of the village,—yes, all over town—and 'Mary White, the deserted bride,' heard it from all quarters; but as Mary White had the reputation of being 'up to anything,' the result on the whole was in her favor, and the laugh told against him, whom she had so summarily put to flight by accepting his proffered 'copartnership.'

"In the fourth week after the scene at widow Bedloe's, when I had finished a lesson in the other village, Mrs. Bacon told me with a smile, that Mr. Johnson had been waiting for me some time in the other room. Her smile vanished when she saw how I paled and trembled. I soon recovered myself and went to him. A kind smile lighted a grave face, as he bade me good morning. He put me at once at my ease by inquiring the news in Hildale, after his sudden departure, and by chatting upon indifferent matters. He asked permission to walk with me to the other village, which, of course, I granted, and we took the lane and cart path, which leads by the Deacon's hill, and through the berry pastures. When we reached the rock, under the great oak, where we look down into the valley of the river, he said, 'Mary, will you sit a moment?'

"I mechanically obeyed. He sat silent for some time, and then spoke in a sad and sorrowful tone, which went to my heart:

"I have not come up, Mary, to claim the "bid" which you made the other day at widow Bedloe's. I told you the sober truth about myself then; and it is a solemn verity that I have nothing—nothing worthy to offer you in exchange for your youth and beauty and wealth of refinement, culture and affection. I feel, oh, how deeply! that it would be throwing away your young life to join your fate to mine. The pros-

pect is not good, that I shall ever attain more than a barely respectable position in my art—perhaps not even that—and yet I have so long been wedded to the idea, that nothing can divert me from it. But my lone heart yearns for something to love. I think I can promise some three or four years of moderate happiness to one who should join her fate to mine—but in truth all beyond that is dark. That this one should be my sometime pet—my little Mary White—is a thought that never until that day entered my mind. But knowing as I do your love for music, your desire to visit Germany, and what a new era of delight and rapture in your divine art would there open to you—I have hardly thought of anything but you during my absence, and it has come to seem possible that you might have spoken seriously, as you said. And now, having made all my preparations for departure, I have come once more to Hildale, not to claim your hand—God forbid!—not to urge a suit—but simply to satisfy myself whether you could possibly have been in earnest, and could possibly find it in your heart to form such a—such a—copartnership? If so, with what joy and delight do I offer it!"

"Mr. Johnson," said I, "the question is a serious one, but I have thought of it seriously. I feel the force of the objections to an acceptance by me of your proposals. But I know not why I should refuse them, just because the old ladies of the village may think it imprudent and absurd to marry a man so much older than myself, and one who has not made the gathering together of dollars the grand object of his existence. Whither you go, I will go—and God protect us!"

"You see, Brown, that you did waste your childish sympathies, and that after all I have no story to tell."

"So it appears; but, Mrs. Johnson, what was the result?"

"A very few words will relate that. Sister Peters, though strongly doubting the wisdom of my decision, aided me in making preparations for my departure. She went with me to Boston, where he received us, and took us to Providence, where we were married. Thence we went together to New York, and my sister gave me her parting kiss and blessing as the vessel left the wharf. You already know much of my history abroad, at least so far as it concerns music. But much of the varied experience of those years in other respects you do not know. We lived successively in Antwerp, Düsseldorf, Dresden, Vienna, and I look back with especial pleasure to two summers spent upon the Rhine. We were sometimes sadly straitened in our finances and had occasionally very gloomy hours. One winter remains impressed upon my memory as a period of

sadness. Both his art and his health called my husband to Italy, and our means did not allow us both to go. He made every sacrifice for my comfort during his absence, and, thank God, he never knew by what exertion and toil and sacrifice, as a teacher of English at Bonn, I was able to send him some portion of the funds which he left for me. There was always something very touching in his demeanor towards me. He seemed to feel as if I had sacrificed myself to him, and he had no real right to call me his; and yet this was not at all the case—I may say, that I have never for an instant regretted the 'copartnership.' At length our resources were exhausted and we were forced to come home. We settled ourselves in New York, and my husband took a very fair rank among the artists there. But he had judged rightly in regard to his health. His constitution gave way. A long and exceedingly painful illness ensued. None of his great things had been accomplished. His small pictures and sketches sold well so long as he had strength for labor. Fortunately we had no children, and the cost of living was comparatively small. But a time came, when my piano-forte lessons were our only resource. It proved sufficient, but cost me constant and wearying labor. At length the 'copartnership' ended. He lies in his father's tomb at Roxbury. A few years later I came home to Hildale and joined my small savings to those of my sister, and we put up this cottage—where—added she after a moment's hesitation with a smile—"we are always happy to see Mr. Brown, unless we can have the greater happiness—as at this moment, for here comes Lizzy Smith, daughter of Miss Lily—of seeing instead of him, a pupil at \$15 per quarter!"

There had been something in the tone in which Mrs. Johnson had related her history, which jarred upon my feelings. It was too light—too careless. It did not accord at all with her character as I understood it. It haunted me the whole week. I could not believe she was so heartless as she made herself appear.

Last evening, I lingered a moment at the door, as I was leaving the house, after having chatted for some time without alluding at all to her story, and suddenly turned and said abruptly: "But, Mrs. Johnson, I have been thinking and thinking of your narrative, and yet, I must confess, I cannot understand from it how you should have married as you did!"

The smile left her lip. The whole expression of her countenance changed. She raised her dark eyes to mine, and I saw them fill with tears. A slight flush spread over her cheek. She clasped her hands, pressed them to her bosom, and in a voice scarce audible said: "I loved him!"

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Boston Public Library Building.

A building has been completed for the use of the citizens of Boston, devoted to the purposes of a Free Public Library for all time. The exercises appropriate to the dedication of an edifice of this nature have been held, and the congratulations of the friends and well-wishers of so admirable an enterprise have been exchanged on the first day of a new year. The melodious voices of orators and choristers have died away—the earnest and graceful words then spoken are recorded, to be read with an ever new delight by the future beneficiaries of this noble institution—

the new building has been thrown open for the inspection of an interested public, and, after remaining closed for a season, will be again opened for the use and instruction and enjoyment of its many thousand owners. The public will have a spacious, a comfortable, a convenient and a permanent public library.

Is this quite enough?—In a building erected as this has been, carefully, thoughtfully, for so worthy an object—the most public of all public buildings—the culmination of our New England, nineteenth century civilization—might we not reasonably look for somewhat more than space—somewhat more than comfort—somewhat more than convenience? If we are to have permanence, might we not also ask a little *beauty*? We do not forget the careful disclaimer put, if we remember rightly, into the first report of the Commissioners on the erection of the building—in which it was hoped that, without any attempt at ostentatious display, the effect of the edifice would be found in its adaptation to its uses, and in which convenience, safety and the like practical advantages were very justly named as the objects to be mainly sought. But we must think that it would not have been ill to have added beauty to the list of desirable qualities. This building is for culture—surely beauty cultivates. It is for education—good Architecture educates, perhaps more than any other art; surely then it should in nowise be refused the fair and graceful aspect which befits its use. Where is Architecture legitimate if not in a Public Library? We can have no palaces in republican America,—we can have no cathedrals in Protestant New England—private houses twenty-five feet wide offer small opportunity for the display of the nobler qualities of Architecture—they are inadmissible in stores and warehouses, and if admitted, would be worthless when exhibited above those shining basements of plate glass,—railway stations are laid under the pitiless and inevitable ban of the great architectural autocrat of England—there remains but a small list of public buildings in which the once noble and respected Art of Architecture may find grateful and appropriate recognition. Should we turn our back upon it when we build a Library? No expense is grudged which goes to secure solidity, convenience, security from fire; why should beauty be ignored? It is clear from the disclaimer above alluded to, that the Commissioners did not seek it—if it exist in the new building, it has crept in unawares.

Now the task of the critic, whether of books, manners, dress, or Art, is at all times an ungracious one, and one which should be distasteful to a generous mind. It is particularly so in an instance like the present, when a general feeling of satisfaction and gratulation is so prevalent—arising from the successful operation and firm establishment of an institution so useful and every way excellent as this of which we speak. But we think it is due to the people of Boston, that some sober words should be spoken of the building in which just now they are taking so much pride and pleasure—that some attempt should be made to arrest the tide of blind admiration into which men unthinkingly fall as often as any public edifice is thrown open, new, bright and decorative. If one had mingled with the admiring crowd of men, women and children which filled the spacious rooms and halls of the

new building on Saturday evening, the second of January, and listened carefully to the exclamations which burst forth from each party or group as it entered successively the vestibule—the reading-rooms—the library hall, he would have heard on all sides expressions of lively and unqualified approval. This in one sense was delightful to observe. Apart from the size and height of the rooms, the gay colors of walls and ceilings, the columns and arches and cornices and panels and pendants—the marble, the gilding, the ironwork—were quite sufficient to dazzle the eyes of the contented citizens, and to prove that the matter-of-fact determination of the Commissioners had yielded in some degree to the temptations of ornament. But any careful observer will at once admit that all this popular admiration is entirely independent of the real merit of the building, and is far from implying any excellence or beauty in the architecture. What a library should be, it is not our purpose to inquire; but let those of our readers who can, call up in their minds the stately, solemn apartments of the Vatican, the simple hall of the Laurentian at Florence, the sculptured arcades of that library of St. Mark, which stands by the Ducal Palace and looks across the Venetian Lagoon—let them open their memories to the "fair and solemn company" of structures that hold the great collections of Vienna, of Munich, of Dresden, of Berlin, of London; and then set beside them this latest offspring of American architecture, no less inferior to these in simplicity and effect than it is superior to them in the uses to which it is devoted.

Let us glance for a moment at this new edifice and give it a hasty and unprofessional examination. We take it that no one in-standing before the Public Library in its unsurpassed position, has ever felt any real or thoughtful admiration of the exterior design. The material in the first place is unfavorable to a good effect, though by no means a fatal obstacle. But that heavy door-way, those clumsily arched windows of the second story with their awkward caps, those empty niches with their ill-favored brackets, together with the broad opening on each side of the building disclosing the long perspective of blank arched wall, must surely have failed to inspire the most careless or the most prejudiced observer with feelings of approval. Enter the low door-way, and what do we find? A vestibule, in which a passage of ten feet leads between the two halves of the principal stairway to the delivery-room, which connects itself by three broad doors with the circulating library room beyond. And here we should be disposed to go farthest in our approbation—simply because here, in these two rooms, a manifest convenience of arrangement is combined with an absence of ambition. No special effect is aimed at, no pretence made. Of scarcely another portion of the building above ground can the same be said. From the delivery-room open the two reading-rooms, which are lofty and large, but whose spaciousness of effect is essentially destroyed by the double rows of iron columns, tall and attenuated,—resting on octagonal iron pedestals and supporting inverted cones of elaborately frescoed plaster. Return to the vestibule. The staircase, as we have said, commences in two portions. At mid height these two unite behind a blank screen wall, whence one broad flight conducts to the middle of the upper hall. All the walls of the staircase below the level of the

middle landing are finished in plain stucco, spaced off in the wretched imitation of stone-work so common in renovated churches of this region. Above this is a panelling of plaster arches on scagliola pilasters,—the ceiling above these being panelled in cast-iron. We ascend the stair-way—so provokingly deprived of the grand effect to which this feature is of right entitled in every public building, by the division of its lower half and the concealment of its upper,—and we reach the main hall of the library. This it is natural to suppose was intended to make the climax of excellence and effect—and accordingly we find that, notwithstanding the distinct abnegation of all architectural pretension at the outset, there is a manifest assumption of dignity in this hall, and an equally manifest attempt at splendor. The architecture is somewhat gigantic, and consists of an arcade running round the four sides of the hall in front of the alcoves,—composed of three-quarter engaged Corinthian columns in plaster, resting on very large pedestals of bluish marble of rather inferior quality (constructed of jointed slabs) and supporting arches, which in their turn bear a Corinthian entablature. From this entablature springs a gracefully coved ceiling,—through the coving of which are pierced the windows which principally give light to the hall. Two ranges of galleries cut each arch into three distinct portions and effectually destroy whatever simplicity of outline the arcade might otherwise have possessed.

We have said enough of the architecture of this building. We wish now briefly to look at it in two other lights. First in respect to its arrangement, secondly in regard to its materials and workmanship.

We have spoken of the delivery-room and the lower, or circulating library room and the connection between them as simple and convenient; and we still regard this portion of the building as the least open to severity of criticism. The two reading-rooms are, as we have said, spacious, well lighted and comfortable, as well as properly connected with the delivery-room. The upper hall is simply a copy of the Astor Library in every essential respect of arrangement, except in the manner of lighting, which is here very perfect and excellent, and a great advance upon its New York model. The one peculiarity in the constructive arrangement of the building appears to exist in the zigzag side walls. This was the original point in the design, and must have contributed largely to its adoption. We do not profess to understand its utility or the manner in which it enhances the convenience or elegance of the building, but we suppose that the nominal aim of this arrangement was two-fold—to furnish additional light to the reading rooms, and to give a novel form to the alcoves of the upper hall. The way in which the first aim is accomplished is calculated to inspire wonder. A small triangular horizontal light of thick ground glass is introduced directly over each of the large side windows, and we presume that under no circumstances would the additional light obtained from these openings be in the least degree appreciable. In any position the illumination from such lights would be exceedingly limited; but at the bottom of a triangular well, as it were, and immediately above so lofty and broad windows as these of the side walls, their contribution is as a drop in a river. In the main hall, the zigzag arrangement has certainly given a

novel form to the alcoves—which may be a good or a bad form; but the change seems to us to consist in the sacrifice of a considerable amount of valuable shelving room. We have never heard square alcoves objected to as at all inconvenient, and we must think, at least until some object is suggested for the introduction of this new form more reasonable than the avoidance of dark corners in a hall so thoroughly lighted as this—that it originated in that restless desire for novelty, that dissatisfaction with all old forms, which is so noted a trait in the American character. To us the form of the alcoves seems awkward without and uncomfortable within—it has certainly occasioned a very material extra expenditure, and we can think of only one argument for it—it is *new*.

With a brief glance at the materials and workmanship of the new Library building we will take our leave of it. And here let us specially remark that the mason's and joiner's work seems to be admirable throughout, though the designs which they followed are open to criticism like all the rest. The same may be said of most of the minor branches of mechanical art. But the taste which dictated the use of plaster in such profusion, and especially that which permitted so large a proportion of the ornamentation to be made in cast-iron, deserves the most emphatic reprobation. And setting aside all taste,—the leniency, or carelessness, or ignorance (we know not which to call it,) of the Superintendent, who after the latter material was once determined upon, admitted such shameful specimens of it into an edifice of this character, deserves to be known by all and the results to be thoroughly examined by all before such general admiration is allowed to prevail. Where else but in the Boston Library shall we find the main staircase in an expensive public edifice, surrounded by an iron fence, which in design and execution would disgrace the cheapest house-front in the obscurest street? Where else but in our own boasted new Library Building shall we find the ornamental columns which support the ceiling of a spacious and costly reading room, disfigured with blotches and protruding screws, and defects in the casting so abominable that no builder who regarded his professional reputation, would admit them into his commonest shop-front? Let the reader who doubts, go and examine for himself—let him particularly notice the guilloche band-moulding which runs around all three divisions of the main staircase, and then let him ask the public if they are content that a building which has cost them a quarter of a million dollars,* and which should be their pride, should present beauties such as these. The use of cast-iron as an ornamental material is bad enough anywhere; but to use it in a building like this, and above all to use *such* cast-iron as we have pointed out, is to insult the judgment and the taste of a community which has hitherto, (with what justness we will not pretend to determine) prided itself on the possession of a large share of those qualities. Had the Commissioners adhered to their original purpose to make a building which should be solid

* Were the items of expense, at once unnecessary to practical use and injudicious to architectural effect, to be estimated, it could easily be demonstrated that \$150,000 could have been saved for books which are the true interior ornaments; and with this saving we could have had a building with all the uses and conveniences of the one we are considering, with a simplicity and dignity of architectural effect to which it can make no pretension.

and comfortable and convenient and respectable, without any attempt at decoration, we might have regretted, but we could not have censured their course. But here is a building filled from top to bottom with ambitious ornament, every wall and ceiling painted elaborately in fresco, every opportunity seized for the introduction of ornament, and throughout this whole interior, the most legitimate materials we can find are plaster and cast-iron. Listen a moment to the opinion of one, who, whatever may be his occasional extravagances, is at least entitled to respect for his keenness to perceive and his power to express the distinction between beauty and ugliness—between propriety of ornament and tasteless display:

"..... But I believe no cause to have been more active in the degradation of our national feeling for beauty than the constant use of cast-iron ornaments. The common iron-work of the middle ages was as simple as it was effective, composed of leafage cut flat out of sheet-iron, and twisted at the workman's will. No ornaments on the contrary are so cold, clumsy and vulgar, so essentially incapable of a fine line or shadow, as those of cast-iron; and while on the score of truth we can hardly allege anything against them, since they are always distinguishable at a glance from wrought and hammered work, and stand only for what they are, yet I feel very strongly that there is no hope of the progress of the arts of nation which indulges in these vulgar and cheap substitutes for real decoration. Their inefficiency and paltriness I shall endeavor to show more fully in another place, enforcing only at present the general conclusion, that if even honest or allowable, they are things in which we can never take just pride or pleasure, and must never be employed in any place wherein they might either themselves obtain the credit of being other and better than they are, or be associated with the thoroughly downright work to which it would be a disgrace to be found in their company." [Ruskin's *Seven Lamps*, p. 51.]

No, those large plaster columns, those heavy arches, those carelessly jointed pedestals, those wretched shapes of cast-iron which meet us at every turn—are not Architecture, and ought not to be admired as such. We will not speak of the distortions of form noticeable throughout the building—of the protrusion of a stairway into the delivery-room, of the dwarfing of arches in the landing of the main staircase—distortions so conspicuous as to be patent to the most unobservant eye. The building is built and will not be altered at least for the present; but it may nevertheless be well to give it a thoughtful scrutiny and perhaps gain a little wisdom to govern ourselves withal, when the next opportunity occurs for erecting a building that shall be a pleasure as well as a profit.

We have said nothing thus far of the fresco-painting so freely employed in all the apartments. It is generally good—particularly so in the ceiling of the main hall, but it may be questioned whether the bright and festive effect of this style of decoration be precisely that which is most appropriate in a Library building. Certainly it has never been considered so. In the Reading Rooms an argument is found against it, that it is likely to become very speedily defaced by the constant and indiscriminate use of the rooms; not to mention the various other probabilities of dampness, dust, smoke from gas-burners, &c. &c.

Indeed when the building was thrown open on Saturday evening, the effects of an imperfectly dried plastering or some other disturbing cause were plainly visible on the frescoed surfaces of the Eastern Reading Room.

We have made this brief and hasty examination in no spirit of captious fault-finding, but from a sincere wish to say something, however informal, which should make our people think good architecture worthy of a careful and thoughtful consideration; which should induce them to regard it with the interest which belongs to the art, and which in other days it never failed to inspire. It is a part of the province of this journal to record the achievements and examine the failings of all earnest efforts which are made among us towards realizing the standard of good taste in Art; and if by means of such record or such examination we can act in any way to restore Architecture, whether public or private, to the estimation in which it was once held, we shall feel that our efforts have been by no means idle or unprofitable.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A few words to young Amateurs of Music.

By DAISY.

III.

The true Amateur of music is never unmindful of the fact, that his first steps are the regulators of future excellence. Therefore he is content to begin at the beginning, and having nothing less than absolute perfection as his goal, is always a student.

The old proverb: "Step by step, one goes a great way," should be the motto of the musician, side by side with the equally true saying: "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."

It should then be your care, at all times and places, when you are requested to play, to lay aside all false modesty, and do your best. Never play carelessly, because only your friends are within hearing, or you are alone.

Try also to play every note as neatly as possible—don't slur over the keys in such haste that you are obliged to leave out half the notes, in aiming for what is so often misnamed a *brilliant execution*. We are aware that to many, this last sentence will seem somewhat heretical; yet we venture to say a "brilliant executionist" may be a very poor musician, if we take this last term as indicating one who makes music. A truly great artist scorns the idea of simply "showing off," or "playing for effect," as it is sometimes called—everything in fact, which detracts in any degree from the beauty of the music, in order to display a real or fancied power of execution in himself.

There are some people who, the instant they are sufficiently advanced in their studies to take regular tunes, make it a rule to select difficult pieces, quite beyond their power to render correctly, and thrust away, to the infinite discomfort of all lovers of Art. To such as these it is the greatest compliment to notice the difficult passages in the pieces—the greatest insult to request them to perform a simple composition of any kind. They will allow their vanity to run away with what little judgment they possess, in an inordinate desire to attract attention.

Above all, we would remind you that one month of steady application is worth six of irregular, inattentive practice. If, therefore, you do not feel inclined to give such attention to your

lessons, you had better use your spare time for subjects of improvement more congenial to your tastes than the study of music.

It has become a sort of fashion for persons who stand as it were yet on the threshold of the Temple of Knowledge, to set themselves up as teachers, and models, by the side of those who have already devoted their lives to the study of Art. With no idea of the rules of composition, or any guide except their own imagination, they will write and publish pieces which have not even the merit of brevity; generally consisting of four or five pages, written in most unmusical style. To these pages is affixed some rare title—sometimes a vignette in high colors, and the young author of this absurdity thus lays the foundation of fame as a composer!

Do not, we beg of you, attempt to write; at least not till you have thoroughly learned the rules and principles of composition. You need not fear that the world will grow weary of the old masters, or that without your aid we can have no good modern productions of Art.

As an Amateur of Music, you can best show your devotion to it by keeping within the legitimate sphere of *interpretation*, leaving those who are by nature more gifted than you, to the task of supplying materials for your studies. Apply yourself with diligence and perseverance, and you need have no doubt of ultimate success.

VISIBLE RE-PRODUCTION OF THE HUMAN VOICE.—M. Leon Scott, a corrector of the press, has imagined an ingenious method for obtaining the vibrations of the human voice expressed in signs, written, so to say, *by the voice itself*. If we examine the human ear, we find it chiefly composed of a tube ending in the tympanum, an inclined vibrating membrane. It is well known that sound is transmitted with extraordinary purity and rapidity through tubular conduits, and it would appear that, if there were no disturbing causes, the transmission might be continued to an indefinite distance without any diminution of intensity. There is an experiment on record, tried about fifty years ago by M. Biot, who, placing himself at one of the extremities of a tubular aqueduct nine hundred and fifty metres in length, carried on a conversation in a low voice with another person situated at the opposite extremity. These facts have been turned to account by M. Scott in the following manner:

A tubular conduit receives the vibrations of the human voice at one of its extremities, shaped like a funnel; at the other extremity there is a vibrating membrane, to which a very light pencil or stylus is attached. This stylus rests upon a slip of paper, covered with a coating of lamp-black, and is made, by the aid of clock-work, to unroll from a cylinder while the person whose voice is to be experimented upon is speaking. The stylus, in receiving the vibrations of the voice through the tube, marks the paper with undulating lines expressing the different inflexions. A somewhat similar process had been employed some time ago by Mr. Wertheim, to obtain the graphic representation of the vibrations of a tuning-fork; but M. Scott is the first who has attempted anything of the kind with the human voice. The contrivance, though still in infancy, has already led to a curious result, viz: that the clearer and purer a sound is, the more regular is the curve described by the stylus.

VIVE LA CLAUQUE!—Mlle. Rachel, having imagined that her reception in a new play was less warm than it should have been, complained that those hired to applaud her, did not do their duty, whereupon she received from the head of that illustrious body the following epistle: "Mad-

emoiselle, I cannot remain under the obloquy of a reproach from lips such as yours. The following is an authentic statement of what really took place: At the first representation I led the attack in person no less than 35 times. We had three acclamations, four hilarities, two thrilling movements, four renewals of applause, and two indefinite explosions. In fact, to such an extent did we carry our applause that the occupants of the stalls were scandalized and cried out *a la porte*. My men were positively exhausted with fatigue, and even intimated to me that they could not again go through such an evening. Seeing such to be the case, I applied for the manuscript, and, after having profoundly studied the piece, I was obliged to make up my mind for the second representation, to certain curtailments in the service of my men. I, however, applied them only to MM. — and, if the *ad interim* office, which I hold, affords me the opportunity, I will make them ample amends. In such a situation as that which I have just depicted, I have only to request you to believe firmly in my profound admiration and respectful zeal; and I venture to entreat you to have some consideration for the difficulties which environ me.

"I am, Mademoiselle, &c."

Musical Correspondence.

FLORENCE, JAN. 3.—The Carnival season has fairly commenced, and all Italy is given over to mirth, music and Verdi. The operas of this composer monopolize almost all the lyric stages of the country, *Trovatore* taking the lead. Next to *Trovatore*, his most popular opera is *Rigoletto*, and then comes *Attila*. *Simone Boccanegra* and *Luisa Miller* are being played at Rome, and his latest work, *Aroldo*, at Parma. Here in Florence we have *Ernani*, *Attila*, and *I Lombardi*, at the different opera houses, and at all public concerts his music chiefly composes the programmes.

Rossini seems to be quite shelved. His *Barbiere* is announced for performance at some out-of-the-way place, the name of which I forget; and of Donizetti the *Favorita* and *Lucrezia* are the only operas we hear of. Bellini's glorious triad, *Norma*, *Sonnambula* and *Puritani*, however, still retain a position and are not quite eclipsed by Verdi.

Now if I have a hobby it is Verdi, and accustomed as I have been to the sneers and thrusts of the American and English press in regard to his works, the lively and spontaneous appreciation he receives in Italy is the more grateful to me. It is not my intention to dilate upon his merits or attempt to proselytize into Verdiism those ferocious musical classicists who would abominate *Don Giovanni* itself and call it "brassy and Verdi-ish" if they thought it had emanated from Italia's greatest living composer instead of a Mozart; but I merely wish to show by the number of his works now being performed, how justly this great man is appreciated in his native country. At this moment, they are playing in various theatres in Italy the following of his operas: *Ernani*, *Trovatore*, *Traviata*, *Attila*, *Simone Boccanegra*, *Luisa Miller*, *I Lombardi*, *Nabucco*, *Macbeth*, *Vêpres Siciliennes*, *Aroldo*, *Rigoletto*—there may be others, but as regards these I am certain, if the official announcements by the operatic Impresarios in various towns may be relied on. Probably there was never before an instance of such astonishing popularity—*Trovatore* being played in over a dozen theatres.

Among the operatic performers in Europe, many of the most noted have appeared in the Uni-

ted States, and it may not be uninteresting to those who have enjoyed their musical performances there, to learn the present whereabouts of their old operatic friends. ROSA DEVRIES, and MORELLI, the baritone, have just appeared at La Scala, Milan, in *Nabuco*. Mme. TEDESCO and NERI BERALDI (tenor), are at Lisbon, where they have made a great success in *Favorita*, the *Prophète* and *Lucrezia*. MIRATE, the tenor, is engaged for the Carnival of 1858-9 at Turin. LORINI is at La Pergola, Florence. ELISA BISCACCIANTI is engaged at St. Petersburg. BETTINI, the tenor, who sang here with BOSTO, years ago, is at Madrid. Miss HENSLEY has opened the season at the Carlo Felice, at Genoa, having appeared in *Traviata*; she was indisposed, and this is probably the reason the Genoese critics complain of her lack of energy, which they doubly regret, as she has otherwise so many elements to ensure success in her sweet and cultivated voice, and her prepossessing personal appearance. —Miss Hensley now enjoys an enviable position as *prima donna* of one of the first opera houses of Italy, and, if she "will make an effort" (as Mrs. Chick said to poor Mrs. Dombey) her professional success is ensured. The only thing her auditors complain of, is her cold, unimpassioned style of acting; otherwise they are loud in her praise. LABORDE is off at Rio Janeiro,—and at Paris is a vast army of our former operatic friends, including GRISI, MARIO, DE WILHORST, STEFFANONE, DIDIER, ALBONI and GRAZIANI.—And talking about Paris, I have come across in a French paper, fresh from the French capital, some twaddle—it is worthy of no better name—relating to these latter well known artists. The writer is celebrating New Year's day, by congratulating the various members of the Italian opera troupe on the auspicious day, and seizing the opportunity to make a series of impertinent personal remarks; he is particularly severe on Albani, and thus congratulates that poorly dame.

"We congratulate Madame Albani on being freed from the presence of Mme. Didier, for we well comprehend that two of a trade cannot agree, and that between the two ladies the unlucky Impresario would be exceedingly embarrassed; especially when one of them is so fastidious as Madame Albani.

"For in the first place, you know, Albani, that you have recently decided not to appear in male characters. Very well! very well indeed—Mad. Didier will willingly invest herself with the pantalons, and sing the *Brindisi* (which you have almost created) and in a style, too, that will make her fickle auditors almost forget you yourself.

"Albani will not take the rôle of Orsini!

"Very well! Madame Didier will take it!

"Again, Madame Albani cannot dance a certain rôle!

"Very well! Madame Didier will dance it!"

Now this last passage needs a short explanation. Here it is.

There are in the *Martha* opera of M. Flotow, which they are now rehearsing at the Italiens, two female rôles—a soprano and contralto; but this latter rôle is amphibious—that is to say it partakes both of dance and song. Now Albani in the rehearsals performed such remarkable terpsichorean feats, that M. Calzado, the manager, rubbed his hands with delight, exclaiming: "Ah! that will bring me crowded houses if any-

thing will!" But M. de Saint-Salvi, the agent of the owners of the building, protested against Albani's continuing therein to trip upon the light fantastic toe, stating that it would certainly result in the most disastrous circumstances to the solidity of the theatre. Under different circumstances this unexpected opposition would have seriously embarrassed the management. But M. Calzado received the intelligence very philosophically, merely exclaiming: "*Eh bien!* There is Nantier Didier, who can dance the rôle as well as sing it. We will have her—it will do just as well—everybody will be satisfied, excepting perhaps Madame Al—, but that's not my affair."

Now Albani, seeing the range of her repertoire becoming more and more limited, began to make renewed incursions into the rôles of the *soprani*, and has appeared in *Gazza Ladra*, in the part of Ninette instead of the contralto rôle of Pippo. We do not observe, however, that this event has done much good either to Art or the treasury of the management.

The writer next congratulates Nantier Didier on being freed from Albani: "For," he says, "this fortunate event will relieve the former from the rivalry of her professional sister. Madame Didier possesses a mezzo-soprano voice of extensive compass and sympathetic tone. She really knows how to sing, and and can act well the rôles of her repertoire."

Then follows a tribute to our old friend Steffanone, the first to introduce the most successful of modern operas, Verdi's *Trovatore*, in New York. The writer says in very big capitals that she is "THE VERY BEST LEONORA IN EUROPE," referring to her performance of that rôle in *Trovatore*.

With regard to Grisi, the writer wishes she could appear once more with Rubini, Tamburini and Lablache, while Bellini should solemnize the event with an opera written expressly for the occasion. Then he launches off into a French rhapsody:

"You ask that which is impossible. How impossible? has it not been already done! Did not Bellini write *Puritani* expressly for those four grand artistes? But unfortunately Bellini and Rubini are dead, and Tamburini and Lablache have retired from the stage. But why have they retired? Alas! they are old! And has the beautiful and *spirituelle* Giulia Grisi also become old? It must be so! Oh! despair! The common fate must overtake even Giulia Grisi * * * * * But why then does she return thus alone to the scene of her triumphs? Does she return to sadly contemplate the ravages which years have made upon her old auditors? Or does she come to remind us of our happy youthful days long passed, and fill us with melancholy remembrances? But I will not go to see her. I will preserve intact the early souvenirs of this beautiful ideal, this wondrous artiste, who with no other guide than her own genius, knows how to be so lovely yet tender in Juliette, so majestic in Anna Bolena, so grand in Ninetta, so sympathetic and spirited in Rosina, so passionate in Desdemona, so poetically beautiful and sweetly unhappy in Elvira, so dramatic in Semiramide, so impetuous in the terrible rôle of Norma, her most admirable creation. No, I will not see her.

"Ah! I have just awakened from a dream, during which I have been against my will to see Grisi at the *Italiens*; but instead of the glorious

young *Diva* entering upon the scene with the noble assurance of an artiste, knowing herself to be adored by the public, and to merit that adoration, I saw her enter a *prima donna*, yet beautiful, with a queenly presence, but with an agitated and timid air, as though she felt herself to be an intruder! I beheld her suppliant expression which seemed to say to the public: 'Ungateful ones, and is this the cold, unmoved manner in which you receive me! Ah! you applaud. Thanks! many, many thanks.' I could not bear it: 'Do not thank them, sovereign of my heart,' I cried, 'thy humiliation will break my heart,' and then my sobs choked my words and—I awoke and lo! it was a dream—only a dream! Oh what delight! and Giulia Grisi is as much adored now as she was twenty years ago. She is still *La Diva*!"

The writer further goes on to wish all sorts of Frenchy things to the other artist, and then gives an item you may not be prepared to hear—it is this. Mario is about to appear in the rôle of Don Giovanni in Mozart's opera. The great tenor has been studying the part a long time and is quite enamored of it. The opera is to be produced at Les Italiens with the most remarkable distribution of characters ever known, being as follows:

Don Giovanni,	Mario
Leporello,	Zucchini
Ottavio,	Belart
Donna Anna,	Grisi
Zerlina,	St. Urbain
Elvira,	Steffanone

The writer from whom I have made such copious quotations prophesies a "SOLEMN FIASCO," and he puts in capital letters to make it the more impressive. In my next I hope to say something about the opera houses of Florence.

TROVATOR.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 20, 1858.

THIRD ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.—If the universal gratification of a large audience, warmly, unmistakably and frequently expressed, during a concert and the whole week after it, can be any pleasure to the concert-giver, Mr. CARL ZERRAHN has reason to feel pleased, and certainly in one way well rewarded, for the feast of noble music which he had the good taste and the enterprise to provide for us last Saturday evening. We cannot doubt, too, that such meritorious effort and such faith in the appreciation of his public met with something like a fair material reward; for the assemblage was much larger than that of the first night, and far larger than that of the second,—as much in contrast with it in all true signs of success, as it was in intrinsic musical excellence, particularly as regards the subject matter, or the programme of the concert. It was in truth an admirable programme. If it contained nothing new, yet all was sterling, and most of the selections of the very highest order. It was plain to sight and feeling that by the audience in general it was infinitely more enjoyed than any "light" and unartistic programmes of late years. And here was a good point settled: namely, that in the search for what is popular, it is well to remember that the highest often is the most so, provided it has once come to be familiar.

Is not the *Freyschütz* overture more popular than any clap-trap? and what is there more excellent, more classical? Nay, the great Seventh Symphony itself (Beethoven's in A), which opened the concert, and which a few years since was thought to be the type of all that is "scientific," hyper-classical, profound and "transcendental,"—the work most cited as the incomprehensible antipodes to the melodious Italian opera, &c.—what other instrumental work (unless it be the Fifth) offers such sure attraction now to any audience that seeks orchestral music, or is absorbed into the listening soul with such profound attention, such delight and exaltation?

That was proved at the Festival in May. Saturday night proved it once more. We verily believe we speak the feeling of the mass of that great audience when we say, that we were too happily and deeply interested in the Symphony itself, to be thinking very critically of the mere performance. The thoughts, the spirit, of Beethoven, in one of his sublimest and most rapturous seasons, conveyed their electric spark through and in spite of such materials as we had. It was not the great orchestra of May; there were by no means strings enough (excellent as the first violins all are); no one could expect Zerrahn to give us more, until the public made him safe in doing so. We might recall, too, a few roughnesses in execution, brass out of tune, the oboe often a little flat (our friend must be more careful). It was not the best, nor by any means the worst interpretation we have had of the Seventh Symphony; but the spirit was not wanting, it took effect, and each who heard it felt it to be real gain to the best part of him.

The genial, June-like Allegretto Scherzando from the Eighth Symphony was delicious as ever, though, for a wonder, not encored. The *Tannhäuser* overture was made as effective as it could be without a larger orchestra, and proved to have lost none of its virtue in the time that it has been laid aside; and the *Freyschütz* made of course a spirited conclusion. Next to the Symphony, however, the Violin Concerto of Mendelssohn was the feature of the most artistic interest. We had it entire; most commonly one hears only the Andante and Finale. In beauty, vigor and originality of ideas, in nobility of treatment, fine contrast of naturally connected movements, and in richest wealth and beauty of orchestral accompaniments, it is worthy to be called a Symphony. Indeed, after the "Scotch" Symphony, we know no instrumental work of Mendelssohn's more interesting. And Mr. COOPER, from London, proved himself an admirable violinist,—one of the two or three very best by whom we ever heard a classical work interpreted. His tone is purity itself,—never the slightest swerving from true pitch even in the highest notes. Phrasing, accentuation, finish and expression as near perfect as one can well conceive. It was finely intellectual playing; and the melodious slow movement sang itself upon the strings with most pure and beautiful expression. His only disadvantage, as compared with other violinists of the Music Hall, seemed to be want of power; the orchestra sometimes covered him up, swallowed his fine vibrations into theirs. Perhaps he has not been used to playing in so large a hall; it were a treat indeed to hear him in a Quartet of Beethoven; there his mastery could not fail of recognition.

Miss ANNIE MILNER, the English soprano,

grows upon us. We were hardly prepared for so fine, so enjoyable a rendering of Mozart's *Non mi dir* as she gave us. Only Lind and Lagrange have attempted that song here before. Miss Milner conceives and executes it like an artist; her voice, though worn in the middle notes, is very sweet and clear in the highest, very flexible and of a rich and pleasing quality. Her second piece, the *Serenade* by Salaman, an English song in German style, serious, with interesting piano accompaniment, well played by Mr. TRENKLE, was sung with feeling, and made a good impression. In the florid Duo for violin and voice the lady showed a remarkable ease and brilliancy in passage singing, and the thing itself was better than the common run of such things. In person and in manner she is simple and attractive. Could Mr. Zerrahn be always so fortunate in his engagements, we should think better of the solo element in programmes. But observe, the charm that did not fail here was—not good performance merely—but good performance of good music.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. Fifth Chamber Concert, Tuesday evening, Feb. 16. A bitter cold night, and audience somewhat thinned out; yet a goodly number braved the blast rather than lose this programme:

- 1—Quartet, in E minor, op. 59, No. 2 of the Three Razoumofsky Quartets..... Beethoven
- 2—Trio in E flat, for Piano, Clarinet and Viola..... Mozart
- 3—Andante—Minuetto—Finale, Allegro..... Schubert
- 4—Adagio and Variations from the D minor Posthumous Quartet..... F. Schubert
- 5—Andante (Convalescenza) and Finale (Guarigione), from the Descriptive Quintet in C minor, No. 16, op. 38..... Onslow
- 6—Romanza for Violoncello..... Franchomme
- 7—Second Quintet, in B flat, op. 87..... Mendelssohn
- Allegro Vivace—Allegretto Scherzando—Adagio—Finale, Allegro. Vivace.

For the third time that Quartet of Beethoven!—the biggest and the finest lump of gold picked up this season, and worth turning over and admiring many times. We could be glad to hear it once a week. The strings were not so happy in the rendering as the last time; in the quick movements there were high notes out of tune, some scraping, and now and then in the first part rapid figures covered up and scarce appreciable to the ear. We question the wisdom of attacking such a work the first thing in the evening; a little previous exercise seems necessary to establish the *entente cordiale* between the strings and blend them sympathetically. Yet we did enjoy the Quartet deeply, and especially the Adagio, which went more smoothly, and which is as perfect in point of beauty as it is profound and heavenly in meaning and in feeling.

The Mozart Trio is full of the peculiar beauties of that never-failing genius; and yet, perhaps, for its great length, too little relieved by any individuality of its own as distinct from that of its author. It sounded strangely familiar to us, though we cannot possibly have heard it before, at least in that form. Mr. B. J. LANG played the piano part with conscientious purity and neatness, well supported by the clarinet of Mr. RYAN and the viola of Mr. KREBS. The combination is agreeable.

That solemn, heroic dirge-like Adagio of Schubert, with its imaginative variations, was finely played. The Onslow piece we had to lose. WULF FRIES played his solo with exquisite taste and feeling. We have spoken above of two of the greatest instrumental works of Mendelssohn; we can hardly think of a worthier candidate for the third place among them than the Quintet in B flat; at least among single movements that Adagio leaves the impression of one of the very noblest and profoundest. Then the old ballad-like quaintness of the Allegretto, and the fire and vigor of the first and last movements take right hold of one. It was far more fortunate in the rendering than the Beethoven Quartet, though not entirely exempt from the same blemishes.

ROXBURY.—A very pleasant concert was given at the City Hall in Roxbury, on Wednesday evening of last week, by Mrs. ELLEN B. FOWLE and Mr. GEORGE WRIGHT, assisted by Mrs. COVERLY, Misses HAZELTINE and HUMPHREY, Mr. LOW, and Mr. A. BAUMBACH, pianist. The Hall was well filled and the performances received with evident satisfaction. The programme contained little that was new, but the selections were from the most agreeable of the standard concert pieces. Mrs. Fowle was very successful in "With Verdure Clad;" the exquisite melody never came with more welcome to our ears. In the *Inflammatus* (from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*) she obtained an encore. We wish sincerely that the public might have more frequent opportunities of hearing this really charming singer. We hardly remember a voice that has given us more delight.

Mr. Wright has a ponderous bass voice full and musical, and with due care and cultivation he will become a fine singer. We could but question his taste in following Formes so closely in "Rolling in foaming billows." To be sure he reached the final E flat—but it was not the firm tone we heard at the Music Hall. Miss Hazeltine sang "Rejoice Greatly" with good effect, and in the second portion of the concert an air from *La Traviata*. Miss Humphrey sang "O rest in the Lord," by Mendelssohn, with great feeling, though with a voice rather tremulous. We were best pleased with the trio from the "Creation." On *Thee each living soul awaits*, sung by Mrs. Fowle, Mr. Low and Mr. Wright; the blending of tone was perfect, and the style was such as to satisfy the most critical. The accompaniments, also two solos, were played by Mr. Baumbach with his accustomed neatness and brilliancy.

Musical Chat-Chat.

This evening two concerts. The GERMAN TRIO, at Chickering's, offer a rare programme, including: Beethoven's Quartet in F, op. 59, (being the first of that "Rasoumowski set," of which we heard the second last Tuesday night), a Quartet by Mozart, and another by Haydn.... There is a good subscription to the Complimentary Concert for Mr. ALFRED HILL, at Mercantile Hall, which offers an attractive variety. Mrs. LONG will sing *Ah! mon fils*, and Rossini's duet: *Mira la bianca luna*, with Mr. C. R. ADAMS. Mrs. HARWOOD will sing airs from *Figaro* and *Robert le Diable*; Miss TWICHELL, a cavatina from *La Donna del Lago* and "The Fishermidwife;" Mr. ADAMS, an aria from *Luisa Miller*; and Mr. POWERS, a bass cavatina from *La Favorita*. Mr. LANG accompanies, and a select orchestra, under ZERRAHN, will play overtures, &c.

☞ The Wednesday Afternoon Concert will be omitted next week, in consequence of other engagements of the Music Hall.

We would ask attention to the concert announced for next Wednesday evening, by Mr. ZERDAHELYI, the Hungarian pianist, from England, who has come to make his home in Boston. He is an earnest and accomplished artist, and withal a gentleman of high general culture and refinement. Read his excellent programme; in the first piece you have the purest poetry, in the last piece the grandest bravura of the piano, and the English journals describe Mr. Z. as fully adequate to both.... ZERRAHN's programme is out for his last concert, and it is a grand one. Read below.... The musical world of Boston will feel the loss of an important member in the departure of Mr. EDWARD A. GRATTAN, the gentleman who has so long resided as British Consul at this port and is now transferred to Antwerp. We wish him joy there in the nearness of his family and in the gratification of his artistic taste in that old famous city of Rubens. But he had become almost a Bostonian. Society will miss the amiable and accomplished gentleman; musicians will miss an ever active friend. He will be missed in all our concert rooms of classic music, and there will be no more of those nice and frequent Quartet parties, in which he himself sometimes drew a bow. Mr. Grattan carries with him the good will of all he leaves behind.

We are glad to announce that Mr. R. W. EMERSON will read six lectures, in Boston, upon Memory, Powers of Thought, Country Life, and other subjects—commencing on Wednesday evening, March 3d.

Mr. Ullman advertises a new season of Italian Opera at the Academy, to commence next Monday night, the 22d, with "I Puritani"—Lagrange, Gasier, Tiberini, Formes in the chief parts.... The following operas have been added to the repertory during his unparalleled successful performances in Philadelphia: Otello, Ernani and La Figlia di Regimento. L'Italiana in Algeri will be repeated.... Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" will be presented "in extraordinary style about the 15th of March;" and then Fry's "Leonora," "in a style worthy the occasion, as being the first grand opera by an American composer given at the Academy of Music."

Music Abroad.

LEIPZIG. From Dec. 1, 1856 to Dec. 1, 1857, there have been 99 performances at the Stadt theatre, besides three representations of the *Loreley* finale and two of the *Dorfbier*. Of the 99 evenings Mozart has had 5, Weber 2, Wagner 3, Lortzing 5, Hiller 2, Kreutzer and Marschner 1 each, Flotow 7, Spontini 2, Bellini 5, Donizetti 9, Rossini 9, Meyerbeer 5, Halevy 3, Boieldieu 4, Herold 1,—but Auber 37 evenings. This might be flattering to the man, but for the fact that his operas serve as a foil to spectacles and ballets in Leipzig.

VIENNA.—A historical concert was given by Carl Haslinger on the 6th of January. Compositions of Stralella, Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann and Liszt were given in chronological order.... Rubinstein is creating a *furor* here; his new Trio in B flat is pronounced his greatest work. But the Cologne *Musik Zeitung* says: "With the exception of the ingenious and original Scherzo, and some clever touches in the finale, it is altogether an insignificant work, in which a whirlwind of rapid passages conceals the nothingness of the original idea."

BERLIN.—The celebrated Dom Chor at one of their soirées presented this remarkable programme: *Gloria*, by Palestrina; *Adoramus*, by Orlando Lasso; an Offertory, by Anerio; *Miserere*, by Durante; a Choral, by J. S. Bach; a Motet, by Franck (1628); a Christmas song, by Calvisius; a Fugue for piano, by Bach; and Beethoven's Sonata, op. 110.

SCHWERIN.—Von Flotow, who is kapellmeister at the court theatre here, has composed a new one-act opera, "Pianella," which was received with great applause.

DRESDEN.—A biography of Robert Schumann, by Joseph W. von Wasielewski, has just been published here.

COLOGNE.—A new comic opera: *Scherz, List und Rache* ("Jest, Cunning and Revenge") by Max Bruch, was brought out Dec. 30th.... The third Gesellschaft's Concert had the following programme:

PART I.—Symphony in C, Mozart. Recitative and Aria of Juno (from *Semle*), Handel.—Mlle. Jenny Meyer. "Ave verum!" (for chorus and stringed instruments), Mozart. Aria, "Dove sono (*Figaro*)", Mozart.—Mlle. Remond. Second concerto, in F minor, for piano-forte and orchestra, Chopin.—Herr Ferdinand Brennung. Aria, "Qual piacer," Rossini.—Mlle. Jenny Meyer.

PART II.—Overture and introduction to *Guillaume Tell*, Rossini.

At the third Soirée for Chamber Music, Ferdinand Hiller played a piano-forte Sonata of his own composition, consisting of *Andante agitato*, *Scherzo* and *Finale*; also the piano part in a Trio by Haydn.

HALLE.—The performance of the "Messiah" in aid of the Handel monument, in the birth-place of the composer, yielded 1920 thalers. It was originated by Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, and she sang in it. There is a report (which looks not very credible) that she is about to make a concert tour to Russia.

FRANKFORT-ON-THAINE.—(Corr. Lon. Musical World).—The fifth Museum Concert, on the 8th January, was crowded. The patronage bestowed by amateurs on these concerts is deserved, for not only are performed old and new first-class works, symphonies,

overtures, grand vocal pieces, with orchestral accompaniments, *lieder*, &c, but *virtuosi* who visit our town on their artistic tours are introduced, and rising talent brought forward, so that the institution deserves protection. The conductor, Herr Franz Messer, directs the performances with ability. On the above-mentioned evening we heard—besides a symphony of Mendelssohn, an overture by Robert Schumann, and a new (to us) *scena* and *aria* of C. M. von Weber, introduced in the opera *Lodoiska*—a triple concerto of Beethoven, played by Herr Heakel, (piano-forte), Heinrich Wolf (violin), and George Hausmann, from London (violinello). This gave unequalled satisfaction.

PARIS.—Stephen Heller has issued a new set of *Promenades d'un Solitaire*, which find great favor with artists and amateurs, who love the poetry of music. They are larger pieces than the former ones.... Herr Koenig, Julien's famous cornet player, died here recently.

Il Bruschino has at length been produced, and the Bouffes Parisiens has achieved the greatest hit of the season. Of course, any work by the author of *Il Barbier* would have obtained a *succès d'estime*, but the *Bruschino*, if we accept the verdict of the journals, has gained a genuine triumph. The theatre was crowded in every part, and among the company were observed the Count and Countess de Morny, Count Baciocchi, Prince Poniatowski, Madame Poul, Madame de Brentieul, the Princess Trohelskoi, and other fashionable, foreign and native, together with all the artistic and literary world, among whom were Mario, and M. Flotow, the composer of *Marta*. Many of Rossini's friends endeavored to persuade him to be present at the first representation, but he would not listen to the proposal, and to the most pressing of them he replied: "I have given my permission, but don't ask me to be an accomplice." The opera, or more properly farce—*farza tutta per ridere*—was received with immense applause. The music is described as fresh, natural, graceful, melodious, and full of reminiscences; some of the *morceaux*, indeed, containing the germs of airs and concerted pieces in the composer's most popular works. Nevertheless, enough remains to show that Rossini, if not in possession of his full powers when he wrote the *Bruschino*, was beginning to try the wings of his inspiration, and gave indications of a style so soon to work a serious change in operatic music. The execution was but indifferent, but M. Duvernoy alone being found equal to the florid music. Mlle. Dalmont, whom the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* terms "La Sontag du Passage Choiseul," was considered promising rather than accomplished in the soprano part. The opera, no doubt, will have a long run, everything being done to give it a permanent footing on the stage, the dresses, decorations and scenery being most admirable, and the orchestra, under the direction of M. Offenbach, efficient. At the Opera-Comique, *Fra Diavolo* has been revived. At the Theatre-Lyrique, a new comic opera, in three acts, has been produced with success. It is entitled *La Demoiselle d'Honneur*, the music by M. Théophile Semet, words by MM. Mestépès and Kauffmann.

The rehearsals of "La Magicienne," in the Rue Lepelletier, at present exclusively occupy the attention of the theatre. It is stated that M. Halevy has entirely changed the style of his music in the composition of this opera, upon the success of which the administration place the greatest reliance. A new ballet is said to be also in the hands of the librettist and the composer, M. Théophile Gautier for the first, and M. Reber for the second. The latter, it will be recollected, was the composer of "Maitre Wolfgram," which enjoyed a certain degree of popularity.

M. Flotow's opera at the Italiens, Paris, is on the same subject as M. St. George's ballet, brought out some years since at the Grand Opera, called "Lady Henriette." The parts are confided to Mario, Graziani, Zucchini, Mmes. St. Urbain and Nanter Didier.

Not less than five new operas have been given lately in Paris. Of course, they are very small. One of these trifles, *Les Dames Capitaines*, is by Reber, a composer who tried for some time to keep up the traditional beauties of the old French masters, until he became also a victim to the necessities of the day: Another opera is called *Le Clef des Camps*, and represents an episode from the life of the famous Dame Dubarry. The music is by M. Deffès.

The theatre Lyrique is thriving on the consummate singing of Madame Miolan Carvalho.

The works that please at the opera Comique are the revivals of French comic operas fifty years old.

The *Euryanthe* of Weber is performed at the Lyrique, with spoken dialogue in place of the composer's recitative.

Advertisements.

GERMAN TRIO.

FOURTH SEASON.

Mr. CARL GARTNER announces that the THIRD Musical Soirée will take place at Messrs. Chickering's Rooms, THIS EVENING, Feb. 20, assisted by Messrs. C. and J. EICHLER. The F major Razoumofsky Quartette by Beethoven: Quartette No. 6, by Mozart; and Quartette in G, by Haydn. See programmes at music stores. Concert at 8 precisely. Tickets to set of Six Concerts, \$3 Half set, \$1.50. Single ticket \$1.

Boston Mercantile Hall.

COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT

FOR THE BENEFIT OF ALFRED HILL,
(Late of the Musical Exchange.)

On Saturday Evening, Feb. 20th, 1858.

The following talented Artists have kindly volunteered their services.

Mrs. LONG and Mrs. HARWOOD,

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Mr. C. R. ADAMS, Mr. P. H. POWERS,

and a select and efficient Orchestra, composed of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, Germania Serenade Band, and others, under the direction of CARL ZERDAHELYI.

Tickets, 50 cents each. Subscription lists and tickets for sale at the Music Stores.

MR. ZERDAHELYI,

The Hungarian Pianist, from England, begs to announce that his FIRST CONCERT will take place at Messrs. Chickering's Rooms, Masonic Temple, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, Feb. 24th, at 8 o'clock. He will be assisted by Mrs. J. H. LONG.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1—Sonata quasi Fantasia in C sharp minor, op. 27, No. 2. (Moonlight Sonata.).....Beethoven
Adagio—Allegretto and Trio—Presto Agitato.
Piano-Forte—Mr. Zerdahelyi.

2—Aria: "Se crudele,".....Donizetti
Sung by Mrs. Long

3—Il Lamento et La Consolazione. Two Nocturns,....Chopin
Piano-Forte—Mr. Zerdahelyi.

PART II.

4—Scena and Aria from "Omano,".....L. H. Southard
Sung by Mrs. Long.

5—Der Wanderer:....Song by Schubert, arranged by Liszt
Piano-Forte—Mr. Zerdahelyi.

6—Serenade: "Hark, the Lark,".....Schubert
Sung by Mrs. Long.

7—Grand Fantasia from the "Huguenots,".....Thalberg
Piano-Forte—Mr. Zerdahelyi.

Tickets, One Dollar each, may be had, as well as the programme, at the Music Stores of Messrs. Russell & Richardson, and O. Ditson & Co., Washington St.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

CARL ZERRAHN

Will give his

LAST GRAND CONCERT.

On Saturday Evening, February 27th,

On which occasion he will be assisted by

Mrs. J. H. LONG, Soprano,

Mr. B. J. LANG, Pianist, and

Mr. W. H. SCHULTZE, Violinist.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1—Symphony in C minor (No. 5),.....Beethoven
2—Recitative and Romanza from "William Tell,".....Rossini
Mrs. LONG.

3—Concerto (in D minor) for the Piano-Forte, with Orchestral accompaniment,.....Mendelssohn
Mr. LANG.

PART II.

4—Overture: "Jesonda,".....Spohr
5—Fantasia on Hungarian melodies, for the Violin,....Molique
Mr. SCHULTZE.

6—Andante and Minuetto from the Symphony in E flat,....Mozart

7—"Come into the garden, Maud,".....Balfe
Mrs. LONG.

8—Overture: "Jubilee,".....Weber

TICKETS, FIFTY CENTS EACH, may be obtained at the principal music stores, and at the door on the evening of performance. Doors open at 6½; Concert to commence at 7¼ o'clock.

MR. R. W. EMERSON

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For further information apply to Mr. M., at his residence, Ionic Hall, Roxbury; or address at the music stores of O. Ditson & Co. or Russell & Richardson; or at this office.
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